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1,495 words.

<Hometime>

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Pain

I woke up, groggy but the light of dawn was enough to rouse me from my deep sleep. I was fading in and out of consciousness, I heard a sound, footsteps. I wasn't fully awake, but I was able to turn myself over, towards the source of the thuds.

In my blurry half open eyes, I saw flashes of flesh.

Someone chubby, tightly compacting their boobs into a bra they had outgrown.

The zip on the dress was struggling to go up.

Still in my daze I looked at the figure moving around the bedroom before I was rudely awoken by my alarm.

I was significantly slower to get up than the previous morning. It was still the 8th of July; I had flashbacks to this morning and the figure that was moving around the room.

Becky...

I jumped to my feet and ran naked onto the landing and peered down the stairs and stood still.

Is she still here...

No noises from downstairs, the time was 8am.

She's already gone...

Was that her earlier?

“Fat... She was bigger...” I muttered in the cold air of the morning, naked on the landing.

If everything repeats... Why not test things...

I decided not to go to work. I thought it best to try and find Becky. I needed to see if what I saw this morning was right or not.

I drove down towards the gym where I knew she would be, ironically enough it was on the same route towards my work. I raced to catch her before she would leave but there was a chance I would miss her.

I saw a familiar face, or rather butt.

“Big... Girl...” My voice was trembling.

The girl I had been seeing for the last few cycles of this day was now very different. Firstly, her rear was significantly bigger, it was easy to see driving towards her. Her gait had changed, yet still she walked, albeit a lot slower. As I approached I noticed that her top was also struggling to contain her body.

It wasn't until I drove ahead of her did I notice why.

Holy boobs...

She was chubby, more so now, but she was also busty before.

Today, or rather, this cycle.

She was huge.

Her body looked as if she had put on 100lbs, probably about 50 to her ass and thighs, 30 to her tits and the remaining 20 to the rest of her. She was curvy, no, much more than curvy. Her frame was exaggerated, she wobbled and jiggled with each step.

My mouth was agape, and the light turned green, I missed the first horn, it wasn't until she turned and caught eyes with me did I even attempt to move.

In my rear mirror, I stared at her boobs, each easily dwarfing her own skull.

What the fuck is going on...

I sped down the road and where I would usually turn left to work, I went straight on,

directly to the gym. I parked outside, very thankful that there was a space. I jogged to the entrance and realised that after I typed my code in, it didn't work.

Shit... I let it lapse last month...

I was getting frustrated when I heard a familiar voice call to me.

"What are you doing you're going to miss work."

I turned around and saw Angela. When my eyes met hers I was stunned.

Angela was the "old lady" of the office, she was counting down the minutes until retirement. She had been part of the company for a long time, I was honestly amazed at her resilience to survive all the changes that came her way. In her mid-fifties she looked pretty good for her age, she had looked after herself and she was a looker when she was younger, but those days had long gone. As those days had come and gone and she was now a grandma, she had stopped putting lots of effort into her attire and make up but today she looked gorgeous. It looked like she was about to go out on the town, the makeup made her look 10 years younger. It was incredible, I barely noticed her, I only really did thanks to her harsh tone.

"Oh, my wife is in there, she forgot something, and I am just bringing it to her..."

"You better not be late; it was hell last week and I'll be damned if you screw up my retirement bonus by letting me feel Chloe's wrath." She snarled.

Despite her mean inflection in her words, I didn't feel wholly intimidated, there was something about her appearance that just made me at ease.

"What are you looking at?"

"Did you do something with your hair..." I was in a trance.

"Why... Yes... Stop. Look, just get your butt to work." She looked at her watch and started to rush on. "I'll cover for you... But you owe me..."

Something is different about her...

I watched her walk away and my eyes didn't leave her body. It had become frumpy in her age but even her body looked perkier and younger and there was a distinctive sway to her hips.

Why am I checking out Angela of all people...

Turning to the door I took a step before I saw where I was going, and I bumped into someone. I flew backwards onto my ass, clearly the person had a better centre of gravity than me.

Looking up from the floor I saw Becky.

My vision from this morning was confirmed and I saw Becky looking thicker again. Her whole body was covered in more fat than yesterday but how much of it settled in her belly was driving me wild at this moment.

“Ethan? What are you doing? You shouldn’t be here.”

“Becky... What’s happening...”

“What do you mean?” She stood with one hand on her hip, the other outstretched to me and helped me to my feet.

“This...” I prodded her middle and felt my finger sink into her doughy pudge.

Her face went red, and she got angry “I’ve been struggling lately. Okay?”

“Babe... I didn’t mean it like that...”

“Well how did you mean it Ethan?” She slapped my hand away.

Was now really the best time...

“I...”

“You know what? Screw you.” She stormed off, each stomp made her whole-body jiggle and quake. She was now very much boarding into the plus size territory based on the whole of the changes, but her gut looked much further along, like she had been chugging beers or something. Like a girl in university who had been to one too many parties.

I couldn’t even speak before she was gone. I was standing there, wondering how it went so bad so quickly.

I felt a pain in my head and some blood trickled down my nose. My phone started to ring, I noticed the time.

9am.

I ignored the phone call but as soon as I put my phone back into my pocket I felt a searing

agony in my head.

“Aahh fuck!” I yelled before picking the phone back out to dial for an ambulance.

Chloe’s number flashed back on the screen. My finger hovered over the hang up button, but I could feel the pain increase.

I flicked up on the answer and immediately was greeted by a harsh tone.

“You’re late.” Chloe said on the other side of the line.

“I’m sorry, my wife forgot something, I’ll stay on and make my time up. I’m so sorry.” I pleaded.

“Just get here and I will decide if I fire you or not.” Chloe said before slamming down her phone, the sound of crinkling wrapped could be heard just before she hung up.

I put my phone back into my pocket timidly, thankfully I didn’t feel the same pain. I looked around and saw another familiar face.

Big girl...

Her boobs wobbled wildly as she walked towards her destination, I saw her gigantic ass from the front thanks to her extremely exaggerated hourglass figure. I couldn’t believe my eyes, the woman before me was so close, I had been seeing her for days, I needed to see her up close, I needed to get near her so I could verify what I was seeing.

I took a step.

Fuck!

The pain was back, I coughed up some blood onto the floor.

I thought about lifting my leg to take a second step and I almost fell to my knees in agony.

I turned and walked towards my car, thinking I needed to get to a hospital.

One timid footstep, no pain.

A second and third and the pain I had felt moments ago was gone entirely.

I guess I have to stick to a path or something... But... Her...

I hopped into my car, looking at myself in the rear-view mirror and I saw blood on my shirt.

I guess it was real at least...

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